METAPHORS

(Poems)

By

M. R. Gohar

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DEDICATED

To the very moments of my shift

from existence to non- existence

Introduction to the Poet

M.R.Gohar (Dr. Muhammad Riaz Gohar) is the author of the books *'Inside Out', 'Images','Metaphors' and Yellow Leaves* (all four with short and long poems in English). His '*Kasak'* is the book with Urdu short poems. He also composed some syllabus books for undergraduate students. One of them is *'Research in Practice'*. He is an Associate Professor of English at Government Graduate College satellite Town Gujranwala. He grew up in Jandiala Baghwala; a peripheral village of Gujranwala. He received his Bachelor (English Literature) and Master (English Literature with Gold Medal) from Government College Gujranwala. Apart from English, he got his Master degrees in Urdu, Punjabi and Oriental Learning from the University of Punjab Lahore. He secured his degrees of M.Phil and Ph.D in Linguistics from the University of Gujrat. He is a morphologist and onomastician. In addition to writing poetry in English and Urdu, he has two dozen of research articles published on native languages. He is the Chief Patron of a research organization "Orient Social Research Consultancy" (www.osrc.org.pk) that hosts five HEC recognized journals in 'Y' category.

PREFACE

Sometimes I ponder deep to write something but the page stays blank till weeks and months. But some better times, I don’t know from where, the verses do come and have to wait in queue to be penned down. Once the process starts, the pages and pages come out as from the outlet of a printer.

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A Humble Request

The lyrics
From the core of my heart,
Voice high and move straight
to *Madina.*
Implore You to bless me,
Bless me not with wealth;
Fame is no more my wish.
The single request;
The permission to be at *Roza*
With eyes teemed with tears,
To be poured out.
And to say so many sentences
Just in sighs and monotones
In voiceless voice
In silent speech
In broken lallings

I beseech You
To send a call
A call to be there
leaving aside all cares
And ensure bounties
The bounties as my share
The share, the lasting one.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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Metaphors

My words are more than words
They are the metaphors of life
The metaphors of pain and pleasure
They bear the load of love
and embrace my past
I live with them
I play with them
They are rich in jewels
The jewels of passions
The treasure of the poor
The poverty of the rich
They stay with me
They say with me
A tale of each smile
A trail of each guile.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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Creation

The others say them my verses
But they are the nectar of heart
Like a bee that sucks juice
My pen is to cardiac muscles
And to my spinal card
It makes images
The images get ripe
To be words and words
The words find lyre
To be the verses and songs
My creation goes on
with ceaseless flow
in images and metaphors.

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Friends

The posts that daily come
on my whatsap and fb,
bear well wishes for me
I read them and reply as,
"Thanks a lot".
It is quite formal
It is quite normal
But no one comes in person
To ask me after
My physique and medication
And the hours I spend
in leisure & pain
In sun and rain
In freedom and chain
I wish you be here
With words of care
to stay with me
when you are free!

~~~~~*~~~~~
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The Last Moments

The last moments of my life
Will be crazy and nonsense
I will be tense no more
on seeing the haggard faces.
And my kins at my grave
staying a little while
They'll bid me farewell
As someone is in hurry for job
Or someone who is to see his boss
I will not extend my hands
towards the earthly lands.
Rather, I will look to the next
For my sins to confess
With a hope to find best
With my Creator to bless.

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Rain & Rainbow

Rain drops are like gems
Sometimes like tiny bubbles
They fall and jump a little
Make the land fresh.

Dry lips are no more dry
No one is there to cry
All are bathed to the full
Soaked from head to toe
They will sleep well
They will reap well
The bounties
The blessing
The shower
The dressing
And the last episode
A rainbow.

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You--- the Remote Love

The honey from your lips
Mixed with a little salt
and the round fleshy hips
ask my moments to exalt.

I do not leave them alone
With my smooth fingers
sing my song in tones
like the Persian singers.

Dare not hurt me more
but let me rest in lap
I will wait you at shore
to fill the narrow gap.

The gap sowed not yet
Grapes hung in layers
The Pleasures I ever met
To no one I can share.
~~~~~*~~~~~
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Memoirs

The nights I spend with you
Are the true asset of my life
They are the creams of the days
They are the crowns of my prays
They stay blessed and enriched
They are the breathes of my blood
and the blood of my arteries
They beseech me truth
The truth of creation
They lull me to dreams.
The dreams of ecstasy
in the nights live with thee.

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Haste is Haste

The curious buddies
Run faster than life
They do often stumble
They palter and sit
Remorse is the end.

The dullest ones
Move behind the watch
Make their own minutes
Burn each moment of past
Enlighten their present
Store nothing for future
They are less tense
They are hurt less
They enjoy each day and night
Time loves them
and kisses their palms.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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The Cruel Books

The books
A load of words
A load of life
The cruelest ones
The fatal ones
To my mind and thought
Like some viral infection
Or some fungal blow
They have an allusion
The allusion of loss
The allusion of moss
Damaged my senses
The sense to feel,
The sense to taste,
The sense to touch,
And even the sixth sense;

Is infected the most.

I can’t hear the unuttered songs
I can’t perceive the untold pains
Face reading has parted me long
Nostrils ceased to work anymore.

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She Waits for Me

The books-
They wounded my spirit
They wounded my soul
I run after phonemes
Morphemes allure me
Syntax lets me wander nowhere
Parsing chases me everywhere
I can’t move across the island
On the other shore
She stands and waits
With curly hair
With culling eyes
With a promise to heaven
With a dinner of manna
With a cup of honey
The books leave me not.
The cruelest ones
The fatal ones.

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Outside In

The tears that roll down
Drop not outside
They stream inside
Soak my cardiac muscles
Touch my cartex in their ebb
No one can hence judge
Who I am inside
I've learnt the art
The art of cheating
Cheating nobody but myself
I change even the ring tunes
with gleeful songs
I send emojis to others
With smiles and blinks
Letting them take me happy

The tears that roll down

Drop not outside

No one can hence judge

Who I am inside

I've learnt the art

The art of cheating

Cheating nobody but myself

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I Need Thee Not

Come not to me
I need thee not
I can read you no more
With my intense glance

Run as far as you can
Show me your face never
Be a callous and clever
I will bear pain as Man

Long pauses will ensue
Pauses of years and years
My face be as wrinkled
as an old barked tree

Youth will be no more
But your heart may be brave
You can give pain and bear pain
I can’t bear the stress & strain

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Blind Alley

The way I think
The path I take
Lead me nowhere
Let me stay neither
I am mum
I will speak nothing
All the way
I will fight
With myself
With the four walls
Of my study
The books haunt me
The ceiling comes lower
Wishing to pluck my brain off the skull
I put my hands on head
The earth starts drifting

Under my feet
The friction is no more supportive
The gravity is of no worth
I am in the space
With a claim of nothing
Above or below
I am still blank
What to think
What to think not.

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I am Alone

The world favours me no more
Neither does she stand for my sake
I am under the brazen sky
The nights are void of peace
The days are dreary
I am on a dreary path
You are with me no more
I am in a mulch
Struggling to be out
But with every breath
Reaching down and down
Feet touching no bottom
I am littered in and out
I am drowning in inches.

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Where to Go?

The onrush
And the outrush
The stress and strain
The pull and push
From all around
In the fanatic crowd
I am shrouded
I am stoned
Face scratched
Joints twisted
Letting me crawl just
Just here and there
Why are they not letting me die?
Why are they not killing me once?
I wish to die
They are now managing me survive
In the worst way to survive
What they wish
Can anyone tell me?

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Silence Speaks

I can’t utter a sound
Not a monotone even
A consonant is a far cry
I am still silent
My silence is my speech
My wrinkles on the face
Are the spasmodic jerks
The blinks of brows
Are to tell my unrest
It is hard to breathe
I am severely asthmatic
But still I mumble
In tone of no sounds
I speak and speak
But no one hears me
There was some one

Near my lodging

No more around now

I look for her

She is lost in herself

In her twists and whirls

Whom should I exchange?

My pen and ink

My jam and berries

My verses and diaries!

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You are a Metaphor

You are a metaphor I live by
In each of my smile and sigh,
The times I do weep
like falling rain.
The times I do smile
like the hot sun;
I say in metaphors.

You are a metaphor
Of the tale of my birth
You are a metaphor
The tale of my unbirth
the emojis you send
the gestures you make;
are the still images,
Stay still inside me.
They live with me and
I live on them
With my own myth and say,
"I am less lonely when lonely".
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What to Choose?

What to choose?
between duty and desire
I want to fulfil both
Making some resolution and oath
but it is impossible to run along

Duty calls for me
with a pack of responsibilities
for family, for society
Thinking not what is to do and what not.
Desire evokes me
Passionately, severely, dearly
"Towards you"
I can have charms of life
with dear one
with near one

Desires never end here
I never wish to let them rare
Nothing is easy
even with damn care.

There is unrest in me
what to choose?
what to leave?
I’m damn confused
What to fall?
What to heave?

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I Implore Sleep

I implore sleep
come to me
Don't let me awake
with fears
sobs and sighs
eyes with tears
Come and lull me deep
Away from the hard reap.
Make me explore new domain
A new horizon of painless pleasure
A region of endless treasure
I re-implore you to come.
Come and lull me deep
Away from the hard reap.

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Rest Comes no More

I wish some rest
leaving behind
The burden of quest
To fill my brain
with zeal and zest
but it comes no more
runs apace and beyond
my reach and grip
Avoids me and makes
me feel as some Other.

She is no more here
Rest, too, has gone there
To the alien hands and lands
Forgetting my bands and sands
I wish her round back
On that fairy track
Giving me her heart
Kissing my each part!
~~~~~*~~~~~
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You Come to Me

I need you,
to refresh myself
for today
for tomorrow
I need you,
to be energetic and even
for the day after tomorrow
with more care
I seek for your balm
Don’t stay away
Come to me
and be a part of me
from hymen to heart.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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I Know

I know
What you think
With each blink
With each pause
With each cause
Your monotones
Your syllables
Like lallingand babbling
Say a lot, though not
To be heard by the others
I am at a bay.

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They Greet Me

They greet me
With a smile
in a loving style
some are curious
No one to be furious

You urge me
to be normal
no need to be formal
I want to see
each one like thee.
Greeting each one
with hatred for none.

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Words Can’t Say

Words can’t say
In a rush
In a hush
I faced all
I did that was unwished
with great bliss
With draughts of acrimony
letting them feel
a happy one

It was a time to bade good-bye
I cashed a pack of prays
Like a shower of rays
What a great hey!
Words can’t say!

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Trials Go on

The things look strange
When go out of range
The leaves grow as walls
And walls get titanic
We linger long
To be strong
To combat the walls
But crumble and feign
Till to face another trial.
.....
.....
.....
Trials go on…

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Seeds of Love

I'm plundered
I'm thundered
Somewhat wondered
No more loss
No more gain
To beguile
To refrain

Sowing and growing
Seeds of love
Seeds of hate
To be saturated
To be rife
To combat life.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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I See in Darkness

When light is out
It is clear in dark
awaking eyes with sleep
Wishing to be slept
in dark deep forest
In my ecstasy....
What is ecstasy?
What is next to ecstasy?

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Love and Hate

They can hate most
Who can love most.
Let me not hence hate
Keep me loving all the time
In each place and clime
I will be steadfast dear
As an extremist
As a fundamentalist
As a fanatic
I will be unwise and insane
In the search of you
I will trace each way about
In the case of failure
I will explode me
Like a suicide bomber.

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She is Red

She is robed in red
Red is her destiny
Red is her fate
Red is her hand
Red is her heart
Red is her cheek
Red is her apron
Red bracelet
Of red roses
Red petals showered
She bleeds in red
Time goes on
Redness parts never
She sticks red on lips
Her red nighty
And he is with Red Bull.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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Face to Face

The numberless faces around
Can’t make the face
Which I wish to face
Face to face
I go around daily
To search a sight
In each face I glare
The sightless vision
I wish to see
Her sight face to face
The flowers blossom in each spring
Their petals unopen around
Make a soft sound
But not softer than the one
I hear in her tone
when I see her face to face

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I am Meant for Earth

Tall plazas and malls
Grow upright
Towards the clouds
I stair aloft
From each croft
To find the sky
High above high
But come down
as early as can
To see the earth dwellers
The real salt of earth
I am an earthly being
I can’t live beyond earth
Essence of earth
Plumed from here
will be buried underneath
Sky is a far cry
Earth is in me
and around me.
~~~~~*~~~~~
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No One is for Me

I suffocate in the lawn
The trees appal me
Roses look me no more
Zambac is busy somewhere
Narcissus is self-indulged
Saffron sleeps sound
Lady of the day is tired
Blooms are looking upward
Lilies are in prostration
whom I am to talk?
And share my inside?
The gardener tills beds
sèems agnostic and cynic
I find lark on a tug
Pruning her wings
Seems ready to take flight

Crows clamour on my head

Here is no more balm

Here is no more calm

I suffocate in the lawn.

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Night is Bright

The crowded streets of cities
Keep people alive all night
Inside the rooms and out
The lights go off never
Till the dawn arrives
And the sparrows chatter
To announce the coming of day
To let the people come back
And take a sleep till the midday
And letting the sun shine as it can
Warming none to the core
In the deserted bazars of town
The day lies in dusk
The Dusk of silence;
The silence of streets

haunts my in walk.
I, hence, walk no more,
sit on shore instead,
see the dancing waves.
They come and talk,
kiss and hug my feet.
They comfort me far better
than the silence of streets.

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Death is Everywhere

She saw the deaths around
Outside and inside
The funerals of the bodies;
The decay of innocence;
The tears of the virgins;
The blood on the tracks
the spite in the eyes
the eyes on forehead

My grandma still narrates
The demise of feelings
The carcasses of love
the days of migration
the days of the split of heart.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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I am Still Alive

I am alive
I am still alive
You can see me
Breathing regularly
heart beats as usual;
Pulse vibrating in normal
Hands move and fingers twist
I can stand on both legs
That is all you came to see
I am still alive
I am alive.

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I am Aimless

I, the singular minded,
move on the road
Those who set an aim
reach somewhere
They call it a goal.
I moved in jerks
sitting and moving
staying and going
stammering and silent
nodding and fraying
Reached nowhere
but to my on lair
like a circle
that comes to end
from where it starts.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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Ah! I Am Dying

Ah !
I am dying
They will declare me dead
No, No!
How can it be?
Where is my son?
Why doesn't he rush to me?
The doctors, the nurse!
Where are my daughters?
When will they reach?
They'll surely hold me
Why are they late?
My elder sister
When did you come?
Why reciting *Surah Yasin*?
My neighbours
Why are they in blacks?
Where is my wife?

Why is she still and silent?
Will she watch all that?
Why is she crying in tears?
I'm going nowhere
Please let me hug you
and put your lips
on my forehead for long
why is there nobody
to stop the gravedigger?
Where is my cousin?
Call him.
He is there!
Helps the earth dig!.
Who are those?
My relatives?
Flowers?
For what?
Here is no ceremony
Here is no ritual
Please don't give me wash
White robes and cotton packs
I'll wear blue jacket rather
Where is that?
My books and my bike!

Why are they carrying them away?
Please withhold all.
They are my asset
My whole treasure
Why is the door closed
Of my own house
Will I enter no more?
Oh!
I am dying
I am parting
No, No.

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She is in Me

I felt her presence
in each nano second
and my tissues and nerves
can never remain aloof
from her touch
her touch is my life
The sign of my survival
why are you going away?
Making me still
Making me a carcass?

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Autumn is Lovelier

Autumn seems lovelier than spring
and the desert filled with roses
The dry rocks outpour cataracts
The dread mounds give relief
the dry leaves smell musk
words seem flying in sight
Books and books can be written
Symphonies are invented
verses outburst from lips
The pen stops never
and colours are spread
on the white canvas.

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We live in Chains

We live in chains
But declared as free
like bricks in a wall
cemented and pierced
from all around
we are rooted deep
In social ties.
They never let us
move an inch
to damage the wall
we watch around

But move not.
walls are decorated
Canvas is a little room
We awake and wander
during sleep

All night in bliss and peace
All these miracles happen
when one is in first love.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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The First Love

I paint her image
On each croft of my room
Canvas is a little room
Mobile camera has no such zoom
as I paint on the walls.

A narrow room seems
Vaster than the sky
The bed is spacious
Like God-made universe.

I awake and wander
All night in bliss and peace
with her image in eyes
and my eyes on her image,
getting never sick of
letting no one peep in

All the miracles happen
when one is in first love.

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What to Do?

Say! What to do?
When do the bomb blasts
the drones explode around
the ears can't bear the blast
the eyes can't see the sight

Say! What to do?
when the December gets hot
when the summer is icy
when the virgins weep
and the old ones cry

Say! What to do?
when the trees get bare
the books drop from hands
the feet refuse to run

and sleep denies to come.

Say! What to do?
when the faces are burnt
of maidens by acids
when the innocent are raped
when the dead bodies are on heap.

Say! What to do?
at such places
with such traces
with broken eyes
and shattered visages.
Where to run?
Tell me Sun?

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Promises are Fake

The fake are the promises
the folks are the lambs
they get an easy prey to them
and never disbelieve the truth
The truth they'll know later
The blind alley
The heavy load
The load of promises
The load of oaths
I can't bear them
My feet can't tread.

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Our Realm

You would sketch a map
A map of two realms
Quite free and sovereign
Mixing their glosses as overlap
making a grey area for us
to meet not aliens
Just to live
Without any colour or creed
with a novel dream to breed
Such will not be a utopia
Think it not a fairytopia
It'll be real land
full of you and me

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Our two Names

A huge trunk of an oak tree
Bears two letters
The letters of alphabet
denoting two names
It was ten years back
The oak is still there
The small kids swing there
on the hanging branches
and read aloud those
alphabets as 'A & Z'
they think it a crazy chain
for the one who embossed them
from A to Z there come all others
as from East to West come
the whole globe of world
and is left no more.

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She's a Sparrow

She's a sparrow
She has her chirp &chat
Calls others to join her
To make their own twitter
She sits on the window
From kitchen to my bedroom
all come as her realm
She is as free as a cloud.
A magic is done
An incantation
Some ritual
She becomes an owl
over nightly, tightly
She has a lair now

She has her hull

She is restricted

She has to care for her calves

She is sad

She is happy.

~~~~~*~~~~~
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We the Eternal

It feels special
A world where love exists infinitely
Where the two never pool apart,
Two are one like compass
like soul mate
As a whole mate
A Universe
A galaxy of feelings
planet of love
aliens and familiars
Static and energetic
With no motion
with no change
with great range
Still and silent
In great reliance

From word to universe
range to terse
All that is to be said
all that is to be done
perhaps everything or none
It’s really special
For the two.
It doesn't matter
Who is who?

~~~~~*~~~~~
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Illusions

Time and again
I feel
Everything is to be ended,
Nothing is to be ended
I feel
everything is ended,
nothing is ended
But,
it was just illusion
A hard conclusion
everything was there
vast or rare
Unlimited desires
all prior
most were to lose
some were to choose

Now it feels.
Ending is to start
loss is to find
Rare is spare
nothing to lose
nothing to choose
To and fro
what to do
independently
Feel dependent

Time and again
I feel
As felt earlier

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My Vigils

In an overnight awaking
I get overlapped
with sweet memories
Of special days
In particular ways
Your presence prevails
It hypnotizes me
Making me feel special
sometime I’m
anesthetized
with a shift to
a strange land
mumbling soft clamour
is the world of
absolute comfort

unware of the pain
that would come
after I come to
All that you say
all that you do
I ever wished.

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December has Come

Look!
December has come
You come too
December is there
With its chill and cheer
With sleety sound around
Knocking at my window pane
Standing in the lane
The leaves are to muffle
With a cosy snow
And a white glow
All the chirp is mum
And the crows sit still
In their nests of dry straws
The parrots are inside the stem

Look!
December has come
You come too
With a warmth of breath
With soft smoke from lips
Like aromas of hot milk
In the chilliness of eves
Sitting in the quilt
Covered all around
With dry fruits in hands
But I see you not around
Look December has come
You come too.

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Missing You

The nasty weather
The pitch dark
Clouds all around
Lighting in sky
Fissuring stillness
Calling the one
Who dwells across
The dreary road
In the small hut
With a fine cut
Cleft chin
Dimpled cheeks
Sleety sound
Making all around
In the chill of December.

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Time's Flow

I think to stop time
And catch it in the iron chains
But it flows out
Out and out
Out of my grip
Even trying to drag me
Drag it along.
I am halted
Halted and still
As a heavy stone
my thoughts are dull
Making no plan
To make a clan
To reach there
Without a fear

You would think
I don’t care
You have the right
To think as you may
Every night and day
I am buried deep
Deep into a ditch
Mulch on the sides
Sticking deeper and deeper
Making me a statue
You may take me
A living one
A paragon of lies
A robot in ties
A bunch of flies
or a pack of cries.

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For Never to Stay

I wish to halt and
Ask Time "STOP!"
But it is a fantasy
Time runs faster
Than my thought
In some elfin grot
Leaving me behind
As a hump of clay
On a lonely bay
With no word to say
I am feeling grey
Under a staunch ray

Let me lie there
pass over the clay
Make your way
To a flowery day
Me will hinder not.

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